PEERESSES IN FANCY DRESS

BEAUTIFUL COSTUMES DEVISED BY SOME ENGLISH WOMEN.

The Fancy Dress Ball Always in Vogue in England—In Special Favor at Country Houses This Season—Notable Costumes—A Modern Juliet.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—One form of entertainment of which society in England never tires is the fancy dress ball. Cotillons come and go, theatricals rise and fall in favor, but the vogue of the fancy dress ball never wavers. Costumes for this sort of dance are part of a country house outfit.

Even among children this form of entertainment is a craze at holiday time. There is always the great ball given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House at which hundreds of young people appear garbed as fairies, witches, knights, peasants, stars or gypsies, and it is safe to say that most of them wear their costumes two or three times more during the Christmas vacation.

The Covent Garden ball is far from being a smart affair, yet wonderful costumes can be seen there every other Friday night, and crowds of dancers attend it regularly and spend much time and money on their costumes.

This winter, owing to the election and the social quiet which has prevailed since King Edward's death, fancy dress balls have been less numerous than usual in London, but in the country they have been as popular as ever, and costumes have been even more than ordinarily gorgeous. The approaching coronation has started a wave of patriotism and Britannias have abounded, while John Bulls have been much in evidence and English kings and queens of bygone days have tripped through the dance with English heroes, ancient and modern.

COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

LADY ANCASTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT & FRY, BASSANO... HON. IRENE LAWLEY.

LADY BLOIS

MRS. W. JONES.

Some society women are noted for the beauty and novelty of their costumes at these balls. Lady Warwick used to lead in this particular, and her appearance in some of her elaborate dresses with wonderful jewels and other accessories to heighten the impression used to create a sensation. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West is another woman who was always successful in devising effective dresses for these occasions, and Mrs. Anthony Drexel and Lady Paget have established records for the beauty and elaborate detail of some of their costumes. Recently, however, these ladies have not appeared at any of the country house balls except as onlookers.

Mrs. Willie James not only plans her own costumes but designs gowns for half her friends. Her sudden ill health has made her give up all this sort of gayety during the present season. Her last appearance in fancy dress was shortly before King Edward's death, at a country house where he was staying. She then wore a wonderful Pompadour frock of flowered silk with pointed bodice and full skirts. Her light hair was powdered and adorned with a quaint headdress of flowers, jewels and ribbon, and she wore a collar and several rows of pearls.

The Hon. Irene Lawley has created something of a sensation at this winter's dances by her costumes. The last of these was a sort of modernized Juliet gown in soft white crêpe, with which she wore her hair hanging over her shoulders and no jewels or ornaments of any kind. As she is very handsome this simplicity made her stand out in contrast to the very much bejewelled costumes popular at present.

Other dresses which have attracted particular attention at smart country house dances have been the Anne of Austria gown which Lady Ancaster has worn, the Britannia of Lady Blois and the dainty Louis XV. frock of Lady Carnarvon.

Lady Ancaster's costume as Anne of Austria was copied from an old picture. It was rich white satin with a gold brocaded panel down the front and a collar of old lace. Pearls were the only jewels worn.

Lady Blois's Britannia might have been almost anything else, but the costume was very effective and was in deep blue crêpe with dull silver helmet, breastplate and a sequined veil of a paler shade of blue, which hung down the back over the heavy blue velvet train.

Lady Carnarvon's Louis XV. dress was carried out in pale shades of pink and blue, which suited her blond type to perfection. Dainty flowers trimmed the frock and formed a headdress on her powdered hair.

As both King George and Queen Mary have a weakness for the fancy dress ball there is every probability that the small affairs of the winter will be followed by some gorgeous dances after the coronation at which fancy dress will be obligatory. Indeed it is rumored that at Devonshire House there will be a repetition of the great ball of some five or six years ago, when all the ultra fashionable world of London entered the great doors of this mansion garbed in beautiful rich and bizarre costumes and were received by their host, the Duke of Devonshire, who was attired as a Charles the Second cavalier, and the Duchess, who was radiant as Marie Thérèse. The fine old rooms that night were filled with guests who might have stepped out of some of the portraits on the walls, and the scene was very brilliant and beautiful.

King George, who was then Prince of Wales, appeared as a Knight of Malta, while Queen Mary was dressed as one of her own royal ancestors.

BACK OF POMANDER WALK

AN INTERESTING COMMUNITY SEEN FROM NEAR BY.

Tragedy of the Missing House and the Sedan Chair—Doings of Theatrical Folks Behind the Scenes—Mishaps of the First Night—Two Sides of the Row.

Out Chiswick way, half way to Fairyland—those are the directions given when you ask the route to Pomander Walk. You step in from Broadway and find yourself facing a row of small red brick houses, five in number, capped by a triangular centrepiece on which the name "Pomander Walk" and the date "1710" appear. So you know you are in the right place.

The five houses follow a concave line and the half circle partially outlines a green in the centre of which rises an oak about which is built a wooden bench. There is a high box hedge cunningly placed so that it hides the flirtations of the young people. There is a trailing vine of purple wistaria which harmonizes very well with the apoplectic countenance of the retired Admiral in his moments of righteous indignation.

Beside the wistaria which marks No. 1 Pomander Walk there is a flagpole holding aloft the Union Jack, which at sunset every night the *Admiral* or his man Friday, *Jim*, or Stanley Lathbury, as you wish, pulls slowly to the ground and then

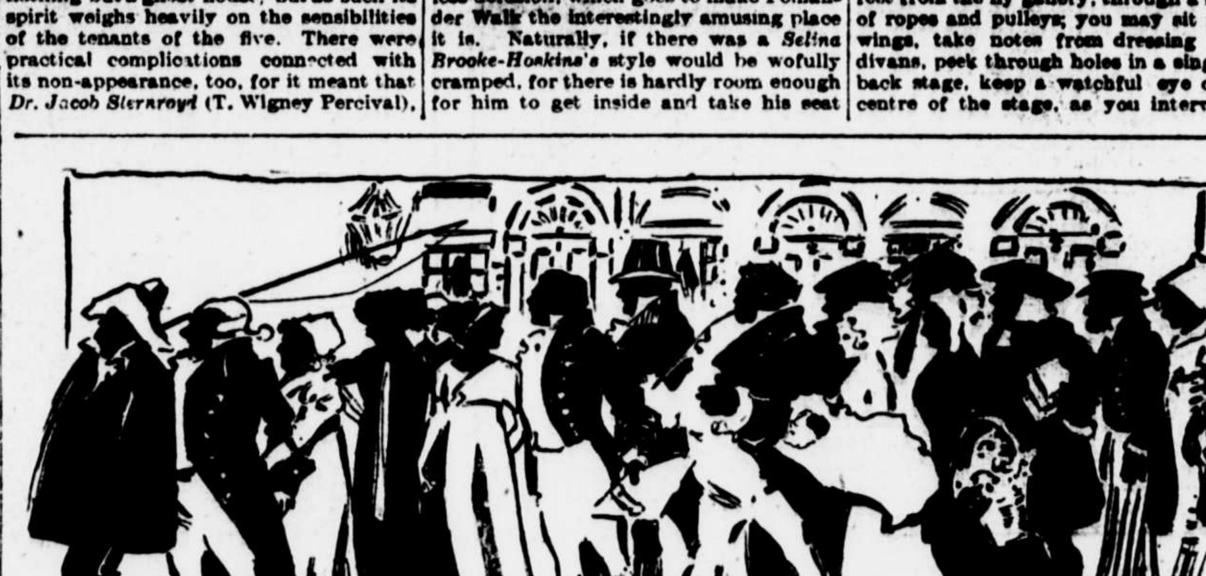
SOME OF THE HOME DOORS.

the people in the row and any other people who may be passing by know that the day is over. Sometimes the moon rises just as soon as the flag is pulled down and it always rises over the corner of the Admiral's house. He insisted that it should, and as there was no special feeling on this subject so it goes.

There's another peculiarity about Pomander Walk. The people there are very exclusive folk, most of them well bred, but they don't object to being looked at, in fact they like it. But if you want to get beyond the point of looking at them you must have a pull, and if you secure that you may get to a territory called back stage in their parlance, and taken into their confidence you see what the life of the row really is.

Dorothy Parker, who pretends she is in love with the young *Lieutenant*—she pronounces it leftenant—and also pretends that her name is *Marjolaine*, in the very beginning of your acquaintance tells you unreservedly about the tragedy of Pomander Walk. It's a very sad little tragedy indeed, but they all try to forget it.

The tragedy in a few words is this: Louis Parker intended, of course, that there should be six houses in the row. He had his designs completed and all his tenants secured, and then it was found that the space secured for the walk wasn't big enough and the sixth house wasn't built. Lots of people, even those who have seen "Pomander Walk," talk about six cunning little houses, yet you can see there are but five. The sixth house in Pomander Walk was never made, it is nothing but a ghost house; but as such its spirit weighs heavily on the sensibilities of the tenants of the five. There were practical complications connected with its non-appearance, too, for it meant that *Dr. Jacob Sternroyd* (T. Wigney Percival),



"POMANDER WALK."

instead of having a house to himself, as had been promised him, had to take the downstairs apartment in the house of *Brooke-Hoskins Esq.*, the ex-butler, who poses as the man of fashion in the row, and isn't discovered until the other people, the people who come to look at the Pomander Walk people, are going home.

Then there was the other tragedy of the sedan chair. *John Sayle*, tenth Baron Otford, found that the space was too small for the chair, so he just has to walk on like the common folk. The baron is a very magnificent person. At one time he wears a suit of claret colored velvet smallclothes, long coat, embroidered stock, wide pointed collar, has a wonderful fob with bright stones in it that he says he cannot pawn, a gold headed stick with cord and tassels, a cream silk beaver hat with sloping crown and narrow brim. In one costume he looks like the pictures of Nicholas Nickleby and in another suggests Beau Brummel.

He isn't quite sure about the fit of his clothes and asks his wife, his real wife, Helen Leyton, *Miss Ruth Pennymint* as is, and she grabs a lot of loose cloth in the small of the back, in the manner of wives in "Pomander Walk" and elsewhere, and tells him to keep a stiff back and it won't show.

You cannot take in the magnificence of his costumes all at once, for there are so many interesting things in the rear of the walk. When you step around the corner there is a man playing a fiddle on a high stepladder and a flunky wonderful to behold seated on a lower step of the same flight of steps, which your eyes follow up and up until they reach an upper door, which flung open suddenly discloses the view of a chair, table, some flowered curtains and *Mr. Basil Pringle* (Reginald Dance), who has to be taught by the parrot to propose to *Barbara Pennymint*, with whose older sister he lodges.

There are lots and lots of doors, made of canvas framed in wood like that used in the construction of the house frames. In a way they look like big boxes set side by side and end to end, but they are substantial boxes all the same, for the people have to go in and out, run up and down stairs, sit in them, the women sometimes sewing and the men smoking, and *Brooke-Hoskins* isn't a featherweight either. A "Pomander Walk" house that can hold him in its upper story is pretty stout.

Selina of course has no weight to speak of, for although *Brooke-Hoskins* sits at the window and all the people about hear him talking to her and have some sort of idea that there is a *Selina*, as matter of fact there is no such person. It is a harmless delusion, which goes to make Pomander Walk the interestingly amusing place it is. Naturally, if there was a *Selina Brooke-Hoskins's* style would be wofully cramped, for there is hardly room enough for him to get inside and take his seat at the window, rise and vanish suddenly, so it is just as well that *Selina* doesn't be. This is another secret of the row. The first night that Pomander Walk was on exhibition everybody got into the wrong house. *Mrs. Pamela Poskett*, who after long trials and tribulations finally marries the *Admiral*, came out of the *Pennymint* residence at No. 3, and *Basil Pringle* scuttled, in his bashful confusion, at the sight of *Barbara* into the *Lachesnais* place. The *Admiral* himself, stickler for etiquette as he is, actually invaded the *Poskett* establishment, although at the moment, with his famous ejaculation "Blister my paint," he was seeking to elude the wily widow, who informed him later on that if her late lamented was alive he would see that the *Admiral* did the right thing and married her, although how that could be wasn't explained. They just say things in Pomander Walk they don't explain.

There are all sorts and kinds of queer places to watch the doings of theatrical folk. You may look down some sixty feet from the fly gallery, through a tangle of ropes and pulleys; you may sit in the wings, take notes from dressing room divans, peek through holes in a single set back stage, keep a watchful eye on the centre of the stage, as you interview a celebrity between his appearances through a trapdoor, but possibly no queerer sight could be imagined than that which you witness after having been helped gallantly up the steep ladder by *Brooke-Hoskins*, who lays aside his churchwarden pipe and throws back the quadruple cape of his long tan coat to perform this courtly gesture.

Up, up you go and finally step inside a tiny square curtained from the inmates of the other rooms on either side. There are pink flowered curtains, ruffled and stiff, which screen the windows. There is a chair of no particular period which, according to directions from a managerial authority, you push back into the shadow. From there you can see without being seen, and your first glimpse takes in a sheet of white faces all intently focussed toward the green where the Pomanders are walking, chatting and having a good time generally.

Tired at last of your airy perch you descend and as no one is looking you slip into the downstairs room of No. 2, which you had visited before, guest of *Dr. Sternroyd*. Disobedience has its pleasant penalties. You had forgotten, so swiftly had events been moving, that the *Lieutenant* was stopping over night there arranging for his marriage with pretty *Marjolaine*, and hurrying to escape observation he throws open the door, and coming from the glare of the footlights to the shadow there is a pretty howdedo.

He is a gallant young Lieutenant and insists that there is plenty of room for two and that he has to go back to the green anyway, but you know that he cannot turn around until you get away, and as people are waiting for him you make a virtue of necessity and don't feel so terribly sorry as you ought, remembering *Hoskins's* famous axiom that "You must make people unhappy if you want to be happy yourself."

Tired of your travellings about like a tin pedler from house to house, you sit in a retired corner by the side of Miss

THE BACK YARD OF POMANDER WALK.

Margaret Phillips, who understudies all the ladies in the Row and could marry the *Admiral Lord Sayle*, the *Lieutenant*, *Basil*, with equal delight, remain a charming spinster, like *Miss Ruth Pennymint*, or be an illustrious, fashionable and haughtily aristocratic district visitor with an eye on a lord's son, like the *Hon. Caroline Thring*, if only some one would get ill, but nobody does, notwithstanding the fact that the New York climate has been a "bit groggy" ever since they came, as the *Admiral* says.

The *Admiral* stops to tell you that his gorgeous costume is a duplicate of the famous Romney entitled "Smith, an Actor," in the National Gallery in London. Another striking gowning is that of *Mme. Lachesnais*, who has a dress duplicating oneof the miniatures in the Wallace collection.

Winifred Fraser's gown of flowered silk over pink, her coquettish cap and the costume of Helen Leyton, the *Pennymint sisters*, are equally true to the 1805 period. The latter wears a quiet spinster-like costume of gray with broad white collar, a dotted muslin cap haloing demure falls of curls.

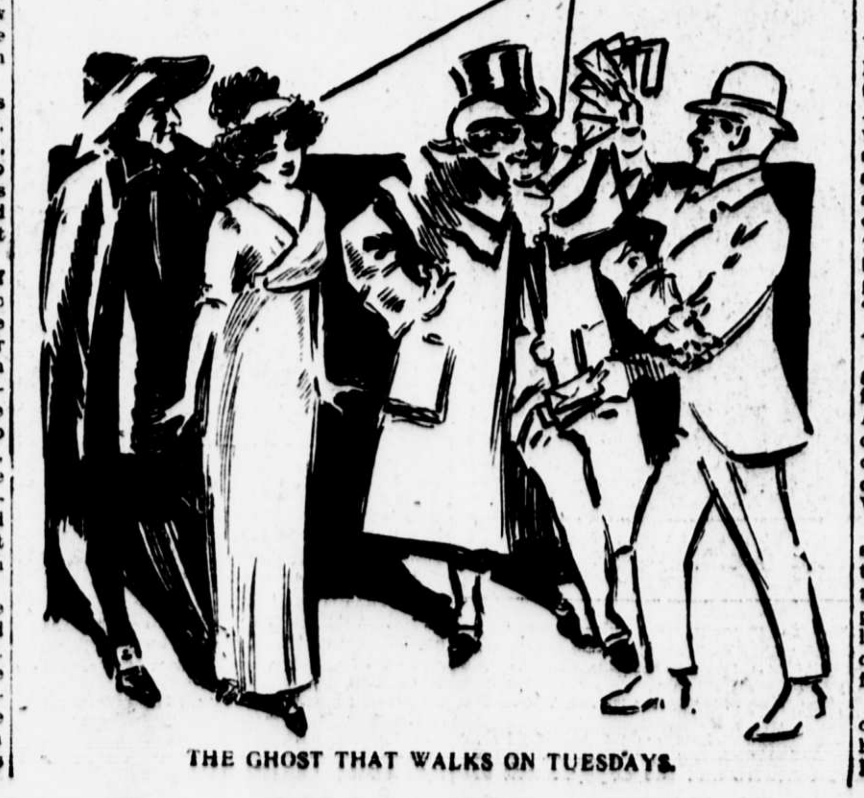
Once while you are talking to some one of the family of Pomander Walk she rises hastily and says, "Oh, excuse me, please; I must go home," and then runs through a little canvas door to respond to a cue. Two or three times Miss Parker, keenly hospitable, comes forward demurely to ask, "Oh, have you met Miss Soandso yet?" and when you shake your head opens the door of a house, calls some one, who comes out, and an introduction ensues, after which the tenant may have to return.

A unit in an interesting group, you suddenly find yourself deserted by half a score of flying figures, who rush up stepladders. When you thought yourself settled for another half hour's chat by the side of *Ruth*, who is knitting a long silk stocking, she exclaims all at once, "Oh, my tag!" and at your look of astonishment she explains as she hurries away, "Why, the tag, you know, in England is the last speech."

And a moment later she has scurried up a nearby flight of steps. Creeping to the *Poskett* house, you peer through a crack in the door, to see the lamplighter climbing a steep ladder to perform his nightly task at both ends of the Green, and shortly after as she throws down posies to the feet of the four happy couples whose love affairs have been a part of the interest of "Pomander Walk" *Ruth* says from the upper window of No. 3: "Ah, well, I'm sure we all hope they'll live happy ever after."

And after the tag as a sort of a tag end Dorothy Parker says:

"There isn't any room for a plot in 'Pomander Walk.' There's just room for love and youth and happiness, that's all."



THE GHOST THAT WALKS ON TUESDAYS.

MADE EVERY SHOT TELL.

The Marksmanship of the Early Kentucky Hunter With the Old Time Rifle.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was when the cap and ball rifle with the hair trigger was in use as a squirrel gun that Kentuckians shot as straight as the Boers did during the war with Great Britain and for the same reason. The modern repeating rifle encourages carelessness of aim and waste of ammunition.

When it was necessary to ram home a bullet surrounded with packing and to mould the bullets by melting lead over a log fire in a log cabin the bead was drawn so that each shot would tell. No hunter cared to throw away his powder and lead or destroy his reputation for marksmanship by shooting to hear the noise of his shooting iron.

The cost of bar lead and black powder was also to be considered, and game as a change in the bill of fare was an important item when there were no butcher shops in the neighborhood and fresh meat must be supplied by slaughtering an animal, drawing upon the poultry yard or turning to woods or water with gun or rod and line.

In the days when squirrels were plentiful in the heavily timbered sections of Kentucky the hunter who could not, with his long rifle, go out at the break of day and kill a score of squirrels before the hour the urbanite's breakfast is served was an exception to the rule. Many crack shots prided themselves upon shooting them through the head only. There were epicures who held it vainglory to demonstrate marksmanship in that manner when the brains scooped from the skull of a well broiled squirrel constituted a delicacy at a backwoods feast comparable to a dish of nightingale tongues at a Roman symposiac.

Those whose aim was unerring, but whose indolence forbade them from shooting at the easier targets when the squirrels were feeding in the hickory trees between dawn and sunrise, hunted them in the late afternoon when they were frisking in the trees and barking so that they attracted the attention of the dullest hunter to their whereabouts. There were pot hunters who used shotguns, but sportsmen considered it as unsportsmanlike to fire a hard rammed scattering load of large shot at a squirrel as it would now be to shoot quail on the ground.

Squirrel hunting—unless tramping all day for half a dozen can be called sport—is a thing of the past in the larger portion of the State because no serious effort to protect game of any kind has been made until recently, and shooting in season and out of season has been the rule. One result, from the point of view of the householder, is that squirrels are now rarely seen upon the home table and are served at half a dollar or more at restaurants.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL BEGGAR.

He Relies Not on Sympathy Alone but Also on Men's Vanity.

"In begging," said the philosophical beggar, "much, very much, depends on the manner of approach.

"The old, old way of saying, 'I walked the streets last night and I've got to walk 'em to-night and I haven't had anything to eat for seventeen days,' the simple and commonly clumsy appeal to sympathy, is still the way most often followed because it is the easiest; but not all men are sympathetic and then the person appealed to in this way is always ready to detect a flaw in the story, the purpose of which is thus defeated by its overdoing.

"Exaggeration is the fatal defect in most begging stories, a defect that not only defeats the beggar but gives the person to whom appeal is made two distinct satisfactions. In the first place it gives that person a chance to take credit to himself for detecting a fraud, and then knowing that he has the further satisfaction of keeping his money, he doesn't have to give up.

"So these crude appeals, carelessly and bunglingly made, and addressed to the sense of sympathy only, almost always fail. My appeal is more carefully considered, and besides, as far as it is possible it is adjusted to the particular person addressed; and often it is addressed primarily not to sympathy but to vanity.

"The application of a title to a man is a great help if you know the title to give him and just how to apply it. Many a man likes to be addressed as Judge, a great many men are mightily pleased by being addressed as doctor and there are men who like to be addressed by military titles. I might say that some such men I address as Colonel, but more as Major, and there is sound reason in this. Plenty of men would not aspire to or would not expect to attain to the rank of Colonel, and they would shy if so addressed, though they might consider themselves fully equal to and fitted for the rank of Major.

"In military titles I never go below that rank. I never call anybody Captain, there is no man who doesn't consider himself fit for a higher rank than that, and I very seldom address a man as boss, though that may sometimes do, and do well.

"So now with this appeal to human vanity to be used, if it may be, as an aid and an opening wedge, I compose my story. I know on sight what persons I can strike with some hope of success, and I don't waste time on others; and then I must decide on sight as to the form of the appeal and as to whether it should be made to sympathy only or to both sympathy and vanity.

"Here now is begging that calls for keen discernment, quick action in decision as to the the precise nature and the extent of the call and sound judgment as to the opening approach. Such begging is indeed an intellectual pursuit, calling into operation all the faculties of the mind, with an added tincture of the heart; and just as surely as does success come to every man who follows whatever pursuit with intelligence and with complete devotion, so does such begging bring its own rewards to the beggar."

Granite of the South.

From the Chicago Tribune.

When one speaks of granite the mind naturally reverts to Vermont. It is difficult to associate granite with any section of North America outside New England, yet it must now be acknowledged to the credit of the South that Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia are producing large quantities of stone of good quality which insures the South a place in the market at any rate.

The annual output is now worth about $3,500,000 and the industry is growing. It may be of comparative interest to know that New England's output is about $9,000,000 worth of stone annually.

Old War Shell Exploded.

From the Central City Argus.

The explosion of an old war time shell filled with powder almost caused the death of Ernest Patterson and his young wife at Dundee, a small country hamlet near here.

The shell had lain in an unfrequented spot for years and was found by Patterson while he was hunting. The explosion followed his attempt to pry it open with a hatchet. The concussion knocked the couple several feet, causing dangerous injuries. Two of Patterson's fingers were torn off and his wife's face was mangled.